The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1801.

THE SEDUCER:

Addreſſed to the Fair Daughters *of America.*

'I long to claſp the haughty maid,
'And bend her ſtubborn virtue to my paſſion.
'When I had gone thus far, I'd caſt her off.'
CATO.

THE news which I have lately received, reſpecting the lovely, but unfortunate JULIANA, may afford to youth an important leſſon of inſtruction. She was young and comely: belonged to a worthy family, and poſſeſſed ſuch attractive graces as procured her the eſteem of all her acquaintance. She was courted for a conſiderable time, by a gentleman, who made her the ſtrongeſt proteſtations of friendſhip; but how often is the name of friendſhip uſed to cover the blackeſt deſigns.

'The friendſhips of the world are oft,
'Confederacies in vice or leagues in guilt.'

Her unſuſpected heart little thought that his ſolemn declarations of conſtancy were intended only to conceal his infernal intrigues, to effect her ruin. But ſhe has fallen a victim to the too ſucceſsful ſnares of her baſe ſeducer.

This tale of woe cauſed me many ſerious reflections, upon the unhappy conſequences of female ſeduction. It is, indeed, a moſt copious ſource of miſery. When we ſee a blooming female, the pride of her parents and the glory of her ſex, fall a ſacrifice to the baſe arts of ſeduction, our minds are melted to pity, and we are led to curſe the author of our wretchedneſs. It is aſtoniſhing that rational beings ſhould ſo far forget the dignity of their natures, as to give themſelves over to the controul of their paſſions. In this way they involve themſelves in wretchedneſs, and entail on others laſting miſery.

The evils, which ariſe from female ſeduction, are great and numerous. The miſeries brought on the perſon ſeduced, exceed the power of words, to deſcribe, or even of imagination to conceive. She immediately bids adieu to happineſs, and enters upon an unceaſing ſcene of woe. She leaves the circles of mirth and gaiety, to drag out the remainder of her exiſtence, (if her life be ſpared,) in gloomy ſolitude. Though life afforded her the moſt flattering proſpect; though her countenance ſparkled with delight, and diffuſed joy through the circle of her acquaintance; though in the enjoyment of all that peace of mind, which reſults from conſcious virtue—yet all are fled.—Her pleaſing proſpects vaniſhed forever. Her former proſperity and happineſs, only make her more ſenſible of her preſent miſery. Her company is no more ſought—ſhe is no more ſpoken of with reſpect; but becomes an object of ſcorn and deriſion. She

'In vain looks back to what ſhe was before,
'She falls like ſtars that ſet to riſe no more.'

Her ſunſhine of proſperity is overcaſt with gloomy clouds. Her mind is tortured with guilt, ſhame, and remorſe and often ſhe ſeeks relief from her miſery, by deſtroying her own life.

But the evil ſtops not here.—Here parents are bowed down with ſhame and ſorrow. The happineſs of parents depends much on the welfare of their children. While they behold them walking in the paths of virtue and proſperity, they rejoice, and their miſconduct fills them with the moſt poignant grief. Little do youth conſider the long train of evils conſequent on their folly.

What ſhall we think of him, who, by his baſe arts, is the author of all theſe miſeries? Who poiſons all the ſocial enjoyments of life, to gratify his brutal luſt! To obtain his deſires, he practices every art of diſſimulation, and does not heſitate to violate the moſt ſolemn engagements. Falſhood and perjury become familiar to him. They prepare his mind, for the reception of every vice and embolden him to the perpetration of every crime. He ſports with the fair victim of his luſt, and prides himſelf in his ignoble exploits. Such a one is a monſter in creation, and ſhould be treated with univerſal contempt. The injury done by the thief and the robber may be repaid; but the vile ſeducer does an injury for which he never can make reſtitution. Virtue is ſacrificed to his luſt; and the morals of youth are corrupted by his example. The peace of individuals, families and ſocieties is deſtroyed. 'Like the madman, he ſcat-

ters fire-brands, arrows and death.' Such are more dangerous to meet than bears bereaved of their whelps. They ought like ravenous wolves to be hunted from civilized society.

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History of Jack Smith.

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When Smith had first formed the assignation, he had believed the lady to be a common courtezan, who had made up a tale to enhance the price of her favours: but he began now to believe the story to be true? and his vanity not a little flattered him in having made so easy a conquest. The old woman brought him silently into the house, shewed him into a large room, and informed him the lady would soon wait upon him. Smith looked round the apartment. All was dreary; the walls were high, one side was covered with a tapestry, on which was wretchedly depictured the judgment of Solomon; on the other two or three large pictures were hanging, framed, but old and tasteless. At the bottom was a sofa, with an extensive canopy over it. The furniture was shabby, but had more the appearance of being bruised or broken, than worn out by time. Smith's vanity was somewhat damped—he felt himself very uneasy; he began to repent his coming, and heartily wished that he were again out of the place. With these thoughts little attuned to love, he threw himself upon the sofa, and took out of his pocket, a small Petrarch which he had lately bought. His distempered mind was, by no means in unison with the glowing fancies of the poet: in vain he tried to fix his attention:—in vain he laboured to feel and participate in the warm rapture of this author. Hardly had he read a moment, his imagination confused and bewildered, before something wet seemed to drop upon his book. With indifference he looked up to see from whence it came, when a spectacle struck his eye that rivetted him to the spot. The harrowing sight for a moment suspended the rest of his senses. He perceived a wretched object of a murdered man, with his throat divided, hanging over the canopy; dying he had been hastily thrown on the top, and the agonies of death had writhed him to the front; the blood dark and clotted, yet oozed from the yawning wound, and slowly trickled upon the deep-stained floor, while the features, distorted with pain, and smeared with the gore, formed a hideous contrast to the black dishevelled locks and pallid countenance of death.

Smith started up; a cold chill froze the whole mass of his blood; he snatched his eyes from the sight, clapped his hand upon his sword, and rushed into the middle of the room. A confusion of gloomy ideas crowded upon his mind: with unknown fears he looked around him; the figures in the old tapestry caught his attention. The executioner with the child extended, and the deadly weapon in his hand, seemed to look sternly at him. Unusual horror pierced his soul; instinctively he shuddered; in a moment his resolution returned, and he walked towards the figures. Again he examined the countenance; but like the rest, the eyes now appeared dim and unmeaning. He drew his sword, and drove it through the very spot; it met with no obstacle from the walls, but pierced up to the hilt. Certain of the nature of the house he was in, and more particularly of that room, our hero proceeded, with his sword still drawn, towards the door of his apartment. The door was fast. Desperate, he seized upon a chair, and lifted it on high to throw it against the door, when a sudden noise from behind made him hastily turn round:—in lifting up the chair it had struck against one of the old pictures, which fell to the ground, and Smith perceived it had been placed as a covering to a concealed aperture in the wall.—Cautiously he put down the chair, and stepping through, found himself in another room, the door of which was open. All was dark around, save the glimmering light that came from the apartment he had quitted. He passed with careful steps into a long gallery; he heard voices at the further end; he approached towards it, and listened. A voice like a man's, said in Italian, 'He is a stout looking fellow, and had a sword, I saw by his side; we had better wait till Sangri, or the rest come: Flametta ought not to have gone out; she should have staid and amused him for half an hour.' 'There was no need of that,' said another, whose voice told him it was the old woman. 'Flametta is hunting down other game; this is safe enough; I defy him to get out.' At this moment a loud rapping at the gate stopped the conversation; and Smith irresolute, undetermined how to act, was retreating to the dark room, when he perceived another door open. He firmly grasped his sword, determined to fight for his life, though with little hopes of escaping. A young female came out with a candle in her hand; ragged and wretched was her appearance, her locks uncombed her countenance pale and emaciated; she looked fearfully about, and perceiving our hero at the entrance of the room, she ran nimbly forward, and holding her finger to her lips, in token of silence, motioned to him to retire into a room adjoining to her own; she followed and instantly fastened the door with a large bolt. 'Have you courage,' said she, in broken Italian, 'to try to save me and yourself?' 'Yes, willingly,' said Smith, in English, struck by the sudden question. 'Oh!' said the other hastily, in the same language, 'my countryman too!—No time is to be lost: this closet is full of arms; by any means break it open.' Smith, animated, violently struck the pannel with his foot, and in a few seconds shattered it to pieces. Daggers, swords, and pistols were hung around. He seized on a brace of pistols, and found they were loaded. In the mean time the door of this apartment was violently assaulted, and they found the gang was returned. At first, indeed, the voice of his deceitful charmer had desired him, in a gentle whisper, to open; but hearing two persons in the room, she cried out, 'That English devil has betrayed us!' and immediately the men, who were in waiting at the door, began to force it open. Smith perceived more pistols in the closet, desired his companion to hold a brace ready, and fired one of those in his hand straight through the door; immediately some one on the other side fell, and at the next instant the door burst open. The women screamed, and ran off: a man with a blunderbuss tumbled headlong into the room, and another stooped over him to pick it up. Our hero was at the farther end of the apartment: he lost not a moment, he fired his second pistol, and the man who was stooping, fell upon his companion; Smith turning round snatched a pistol, from his fair second, and, as he fired a third, the rest of the gang ran hastily down the gallery. Our hero now came up to the two men who were extended on the ground; they lay as dead but his instructress earnestly besought him, before he left the room, to tie their hands behind them, and she ran back to the closet to fetch some cord for that purpose. As Smith was about to take hold of the first, the wretch suddenly turned round, and was in the act of drawing his dagger, had not the youth fallen him with his fist. His female assistant came up with the cord, and Smith fastened him

ſecurely. The other he found was ſhot in the body, but he cautiouſly ſeized him, or wounded as he was, he was ſtill able and willing to have attempted the ſame thing. Smith taking the blunderbuſs, inquired how many more men ſhe had reaſon to ſuppoſe were in the houſe: he was informed the gang conſiſted of five and a boy, but that ſhe was certain neither of the others would venture to attack him openly. They proceeded into the paſſage, Smith bearing the blunderbuſs, and his companion ſome piſtols. They had not proceeded far when the door at the farther end of the gallery opened, and Flametta, the tratoreſs, herſelf came quietly forward: ſhe began by deſiring our hero to forbear all farther hoſtility, ſwore in the moſt ſacred and ſolemn terms that he ſhould be ſafe, and have the keys to conduct them both out of the place; earneſtly too ſhe entreated him to let them ſuccour their wounded friends. As ſhe was ſpeaking, ſhe gradually walked towards him, and was within a few paces of him, when his country-woman ſuddenly ſpringing forward, ſeized on the arms of Flametta: one hand was at the moment in her breaſt, and had graſped a dagger as his attendant ſo ſeaſonably interpoſed. What would have been the event of the ſtruggles between the two females is uncertain; but Smith ſoon wrenched the murderous weapon from Flametta's hand, and with his handkerchief tied them tight behind her. The fellows had began to ſhow themſelves from an adjoining room, but ſeeing the iſſue, again faſtened the door. Smith took his priſoner into the room where the other two remained, and faſtened her to a chair. He next conſulted with his able aſſiſtant of the beſt means to eſcape from the place. The houſe was ſo full of doors cloſets, and ſecret places, (ſhe informed him,) that it would be with the utmoſt danger they could venture forth that night, but in the morning he might hope for better ſucceſs: they remained, therefore, upon guard all that night in the ſame room. Smith very humanely, with his country-woman's aſſiſtance, ſtaunched the blood which flowed from the wounds of the two villians, and then inquired of the Engliſh girl, who was yet but young, how ſhe came in that ſituation. Her tale was ſhort.

From an early neglect of her parents, and a bad education, ſhe had imbibed but weak notions of religion or morality, and her beauty only helped to haſten her ruin; ſhe was eaſily ſeduced from the paths of virtue, and ſoon became an inhabitant of a common Bagnio in London. Here ſhe met with an Italian, who often came to the houſe, and offered to take her away and marry her, if ſhe would accompany him to his native country: ſhe had accepted his offer about a year ago, and he had brought her to this houſe. Too ſoon ſhe perceived the diabolical purpoſe for which ſhe was intended; and unable to prevent it, ſhe was uſed as a decoy to ſeduce the unwary libertine to the ſlaughter. When ſhe firſt came, not being able to ſpeak a word of the language, ſhe had often been compelled to be the innocent cauſe of the deſtruction of many. She had been here about three months; her infamous huſband had periſhed a few weeks before in a broil in the ſtreets, but the ſociety ſtill forced her to remain among them. Whenever ſhe went out, the old woman and one, the moſt reſolute of the gang, as a ſervant, attended her; ſhe was never permitted to ſpeak to any one, but that, as ſoon as her appearance had been noticed by any one, ſhe was taken home, and an aſſignation made by the old woman in her name. She farther informed our hero, that about three week's ago ſhe had tried to caution a young man they were about to enſnare, and had happily ſucceeded; but that ſhe was inſtantly hurried away, had been ſeverely beaten, and otherwiſe ill uſed; that ſhe was determined from the day ſhe came there to attempt to eſcape the firſt opportunity that offered, and ſave ſome helpleſs youth; this ſhe was in hopes would now ſucceed, if they patiently waited for daylight: 'For I had rather periſh,' ſaid ſhe 'than live any longer in this dreadful place, which I have never been out of from the day I ſaved the ſtranger's life, by ſhewing him, as he paſſed me, an handkerchief ſteeped in blood.'

CHAPTER. XXVI.

Ah! cruel love, thou bane of every joy,
Whoſe pains or ſweets alike our peace deſtroy,
Still equal woes from thee mankind endure,
Fatal thy wounds, and fatal is the cure.

TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

WHEN the morning came, and the ſun gave its full light, Smith well armed, with his fair companion cautiouſly proceeded down the ſtairs;—with no little joy they perceived all the doors open, and the houſe deſerted. As ſoon as he had gained the town, he went before a magiſtrate & related the particulars of the evening, which his female partner corroborated. The magiſtrate ſent the officers of juſtice, who found ſufficient proof to ſatisfy them of the dreadful proceedings of the inhabitants of the place. The murdered body was owned; the two men and the women were committed to priſon, and ſoon after publicly executed. The Engliſh girl was permitted by the magiſtrate to go where ſhe pleaſed; accordingly Smith offered to ſee her ſafe to England, and endeavour to provide her with ſome honeſt livelihood there. She was tall and pleaſing in her perſon, & lively in her manners, but ſo emaciated by the cruelty ſhe had experienced & her confinement, that it was thought neceſſary for her to remain a few days to recover her ſtrength, before ſhe proceeded on her journey. In the courſe of converſation our hero ſoon found that the original name of his fair companion was Smith. 'It is my own name,' replied he. 'I was born in Wiltſhire,' continued the lady, 'my parents once kept a reſpectable public houſe on the London road; alas! would they had ſtill continued in the pariſh of Pitford!' 'Pitford was my pariſh,' replied our hero warmly, 'ſurely you muſt have heard of my——' he could not ſay *mother*, but added, with a ſigh, a poor woman who died in childbirth in the houſe?'

'Alas. Sir, ſhe was the innocent cauſe of my wretched education and ruin.'

'Good God! how?'

'Indeed ſhe was not ſo poor as you may ſuppoſe.'

'Not ſo poor!'

'Money and valuables to a very large amount my parents found upon her perſon; tempted by the prize, they ſecreted it, and impoſed upon the pariſh officers. I was too young to know the particulars. Buoyed up with what they thought inexauſtible wealth, they left the place, and neglected every kind of buſineſs. My father aſſociated with gamblers of all deſcriptions, and frequented the different races: my mother took to drinking; I was neglected; their great riches fled away, and ruin remained my only portion. What is become of my father I know not. my mother I have reaſon to ſuppoſe is no more; they apprenticed me to a wretch as unprincipled as themſelves; I became the victim, and have never ſeen either of them ſince.' 'What!' replied Smith, 'was every thing ſpent, every trinket, every trifle made away with?'

This little ivory crucifix which I now wear around my neck, I believe is the only thing left, and this would have been long ago disposed of, and I had never worn it, but it is of no value.

To me it would be of the greatest value, for know, I am a child of the unhappy mother that owned it.

The lady in her turn testified her surprise, and insisted on our hero's accepting the ivory crucifix; this he willingly complied with, and presented his companion with a gold one in its stead. Smith felt himself happy in thus gaining some little token of his mother, and it did not lessen his joy to find that she was not of so low a station as he had originally supposed. He wished to gain some clue of the parents of the young woman, but she could give him no intelligence whatever. A few days rest wonderfully restored the bloom to the cheeks of the fair damsel, and reanimated her whole frame. They began to prepare for their journey to England, when a circumstance happened that removed the temptation from our hero, and obliged him to take the voyage alone. The day before they were to depart, his fair companion saw from the window of the inn, the Italian gentleman whose life she had saved. She could not resist the temptation of again waving her spotless handkerchief: he obeyed the signal, and knew her immediately. She thought proper to speak to him, and explained her conduct. He was a nobleman of distinction, and out of gratitude, promised to provide for her in any means she thought proper; at the same time making her an offer of an elegant establishment with him and a suitable provision in case of his death. Accustomed to a life of low debauchery, this seemed even virtue to it; besides she liked the man, and every other settlement was uncertain. Our hero had as yet resisted every tender of the love kind; she therefore made no scruple to tell him she should remain in Italy, under the protection of the Count de Floreni;—the Count behaved as honourable as any man could in affairs of this kind, and Smith took his leave of them, and returned to England.

The scenes he had lately witnessed made a great impression upon his mind; he had seen Vice in her native colours, unadorned with those trappings with which he had been accustomed to behold her; he now clearly perceived that virtue was something more than a name, and that the series of vices naturally follow one another, and join together as one link of a chain does to the other. Youth and nature were some little excuse for his first attachment to Mrs. Cherville, but a love of idleness and dissipation had continued him when passion was gone, in this shameful waste of his time, his health and his property: thus had the life of our hero degenerated downwards to the regular standard of common debauchery, and so depraved was he become, that he had no sooner left Mrs. Cherville than he shamefully yielded to the temptation of the first showy trull that offered. The progress of vice is like the snowball from the Alpine mountains; though small and slow in its outset, rapidly it encreases in its speed and size, and soon overwhelms the helpless traveller that first beheld it with indifference. Nearly had our hero fallen the victim of his folly; and had he miserably perished by the hands of bravos, in a common brothel, in his dying moment he must have confessed that a needless wilful debauchery had hastened his ruin. In his voyage to England, he had time to reflect on his past misconduct, and many a good resolution did he form, many a virtuous and regular scheme plan to steer his future life: as the basis of all, he determined by every supplication, by true contrition, and by a steady perseverance in virtue, to recover the affections of his adored Miss Modeley; next to prosecute his studies, which he had long so grossly neglected, and learn to be more humble to his superiors; in short he resolved, after the example of his friend Freeman, to endeavour to conquer his passions, and be like him, the declared enemy of vice, and friend of virtue, in every form. With these good intentions he arrived at his native country, and lost no time in hastening to Oxford. His Italian expedition had delayed him some months longer than he purposed, but he was fixed in his own mind, that this should be the last time of his playing the truant. In the mean while a scene had passed at Oxford of which our hero had very little idea. By the neglect of proper attendance he had forfeited his studentship, which had regularly been declared vacant, his name erased from the books, and another elected in his room.—In vain had his friend, Lord Edward Cafusin, and his own tutor repeatedly written to him, and sent letters both to Sir Harry Valence's in town, and Mr. Freeman's in Wales. Neither Mr. Freeman nor Sir Harry knew where to find him; the former could give no account, and the latter could only inform them, that he had set off to France, and he believed, was gone into Italy. When Smith returned to the University, and found his name had been erased from the books, he may have been said, for the first time, to have really felt the folly of his former conduct. He found himself all at once in a situation he thought he had escaped. He perceived that he must, in some degree, be dependant, and he had too well imbibed the high notions of Mr. Freeman on that subject, to be easy in his own mind. The airy palace of happiness, which his warm hopes had imagined, was all blown down, and he had again to begin the fabric. But how was he to provide for himself—where was he to apply for that purpose? Should he enter at another college, and live upon the means remaining from the benevolence of his friends? He could not humble his spirit to an inferior situation with an inferior income, and he saw an host of duns ready to assail him the moment he was settled in such a state. While his mind thus wavered, totally irresolute how to act, his more particular acquaintance, Sir Harry Valence and Lord Edward (the first of whom he had written to the moment he came to England, and who came to Oxford for the purpose of meeting him) called upon him. He mentioned what had happened, and confessed his conduct had been so imprudent, he did not like to apply to Mr. Freeman, not even for his advice. He has so constantly cautioned me, said Smith, against the very rock on which I have split, that he will have every reason to think me a most ungrateful and debauched fellow. What think you of the army? said Sir Harry. If I had the means of purchasing into it, replied the other, I would not hesitate a moment. You know, Smith, continued Sir Harry, how my pecuniary affairs are involved; in other matters I have played the fool ten times worse than yourselves; but I can certainly get you an Ensigncy or a Cornetcy directly, if you chuse.——This damned business, said Lord Edward, (warmly) I hope we shall soon get over: but for the present I have one hundred pounds I can easily spare, and I insist, as an old friend, that you take it. Smith absolutely refused, without immediately answering to sir Harry and Lord Edward replied, Upon my soul, Smith, I shall think you a damned proud fellow if you do not take it—Sir Harry, I know, by his connections, can get you a Cornetcy, and this will at least, help to set you a going. Now don't refuse me, Smith; I always considered you as a friend and thought you looked upon me in the same light, but if we are only common acquaintance, you are in the right not to receive any favour from me, and the devil himself

may take the £.100. Smith who knew the honeſt warmth of his friend, no longer refuſed, and accepted alſo the kind offer of Sir Harry. The knowledge that I have got two ſuch good friends, ſaid our hero, makes me leſs regret this unpleaſant buſineſs, as it has proved them to be ſuch; and that excellent man, Mr. Freeman, whom I confeſs I was rather afraid to write to before, will (when I have told him the particulars) ſee that I am not altogether ſo unworthy as he might otherwiſe ſuppoſe. Upon my word, Smith, ſaid Lord Edward, whoſe opinion of Mr. Freeman exceeded all bounds, he is the beſt fellow breathing, and though he has a heart like a lion, his ſoul is as compaſſionate as a child. I wiſh moſt truly he had been my fa——; nay, nay, continued his lordſhip, recollecting himſelf—I have not a word to ſay againſt my father; ever ſince he has known Mr. Freeman he has behaved as he ſhould do.—Some how or other, Freeman ſet us all to rights. The tears ſtood in our hero's eyes as he heard this artleſs tribute of Lord Edward to his old friend's praiſe. Mr. Freeman was conſidered by Smith as ſo ſuperior a being to the general race, that he feared (in truth unreaſonably) to own his faults to him without ſome alleviation. Sir Harry told Smith, as he had given up the gown, he would immediately write about the Cornetcy, and I have no doubt in a few days, we ſhall hear from the great man; the obligation, continued Sir Harry, as Smith was about to reply, is very little I aſſure you. At the end of a war that has been ſo fatal to our ſoldiers, there are very few that are inclined to encounter the horrors of a weſtern climate, and in theſe new raiſed regiments, Smith, I fear the Weſt Indies will be your deſtination. Of that I will willingly, replied he, ſtand my chance. I am greatly obliged to your friendſhip, and in the preſent proſpect and ſtate of my affairs, it is my wiſh to leave England, and to enter into ſome active ſcene for a few years, no great matter where. As Smith ſpoke the laſt ſentence, he had the idea of his ſtill beloved Eliza in his mind, and the very little hopes that were left of her ever being his. Diſſipation and the confuſion of his thoughts had, for a time, indeed, diſcarded her, but the remembrance returned with new vigor, when he experienced a calm. Notwithſtanding her abſolute refuſal and ſtudied indifference, ſhe was as dear to him as ever. He blamed himſelf alone, for the poſitive diſmiſſal, and though he had been diſcarded with no expectation of her future favour, he vainly conſidered that her not having yet given her hand to another was a favourable hope ſhe might ſtill be his. So the poor victim, worn down with diſeaſes, already half expired, as his ſoul hovers for its flight, ſwallows the deceitful draught, and vainly fancies he may, yet live. Oh Hope! art thou ſo pleaſing as poets and moraliſts ſay? I fear thou art often but a frail bark, that carries the fated mariner further into the ſeas, and as thou falleſt to pieces in the deep, he ſinks to the bottom forever. Our hapleſs hero found thy weakneſs; hadſt thou ſooner deſerted him he might have reached the ſhore in ſafety; but borne into the depths, thou failedſt him at laſt, and left him at the mercy of all the deſtructive waves.

Our hero prepared to go to town about his Cornetcy, when a circumſtance happened that delayed him for a time and ſhowed his character in a new light. A little after Sir Harry had firſt paid his addreſſes to Miſs Maitland, among many other ſuitors was the ſon of a country gentleman, who was an intimate acquaintance of her father's. This young man was only twenty, a lieutenant in the navy, and to all the openneſs that characterizes a ſailor, added an excellent mind well ſtored with modern learning, and rich with every virtue that dignifies the human heart. Miſs Maitland, then engaged to Sir Harry, candidly told him ſo, and, diſappointed in the hopes of the firſt paſſion he had conceived, he went to ſea again immediately. Returning home ſoon after Mr. Maitland's death, and underſtanding the match was off with Sir Harry, he ſoon found Miſs Maitland's reſidence, and with all his former profeſſions of regard, once more offered himſelf. Miſs Maitland was much affected at the nobleneſs of his conduct, but thought proper to refuſe him, aſſuring him, at the ſame time, ſhe was proud of his friendſhip, and that his diſintereſted conduct would be ever engraven on her heart. Sir Harry, when he heard of Clareden's offer, had no doubt, from his own knowledge of the female character, that pique alone would induce her to accept him; and Captain Clareden (for he was lately made a Maſter and Commander) ſuppoſed that a lurking affection for the Baronet prevented his wiſhes. It is natural to conclude that theſe gentlemen did not regard each other in any favourable light; and, like the flint and ſteel, they only waited for a meeting to ſtrike fire. Miſs Maitland had very much feared it, from ſome expreſſions unintentionally dropped from the open-hearted ſailor: and ſhe prevailed upon him to promiſe that he would not inſult and notice Sir Harry, Clareden had a younger brother at Oxford, and at this time unluckily called upon him. Captain Clareden and Sir Harry had been ſlightly acquainted. Sir Harry paſſed by Darlington's Coffee houſe as the Captain and Lord Edward, who was an old ſchoolfellow, were lounging out of the window. Clareden, ſtruck on the ſudden by the appearance of his hated rival, could not help exclaiming, 'There's that damned Baronet!' Sir Harry turned his head round, ſaw him, and walked into the coffee room.

'Was that expreſſion, Captain Clareden, meant for me?'

'It was not intended for your hearing, Sir Harry,' turning from him.

'That is no anſwer, Sir; I thought you beneath a ſubterfuge.'

'A ſubterfuge!'

'Yes, when you utter language you are aſhamed to avow.' 'Aſhamed!' retorted the Captain, turning round, 'in truth I am aſhamed of you and your conduct.'

'You take a great liberty in troubling yourſelf with me or my affairs.'

'I wiſh to forget there's ſuch a being in exiſtence.'

'You mean to affront me, Captain Clareden?'

'Exactly, Sir Harry, as you chuſe to take it.'

'I cannot be blind in ſo palpable an affair. This is too public a place for any further diſcuſſion; you ſhall hear from me again this evening.

'I am ready in a moment at *ſuch* a call.' As ſoon as Sir Harry left the coffee houſe, he called upon Smith, told him of his intended affair with the Captain, and begged him to accompany him to the field. Smith found his friend determined, and did not refuſe the important office; and as Sir Harry aſſured him their mutual diſlike originated from no trifling cauſe, he told him it could not poſſibly be adjuſted on amicable terms. He next deſired Smith to call upon Captain Clareden, and ſettle the place of their meeting, any time the following week, and at a proper diſtance from Oxford. Our hero had been often in company with Captain Clareden, and was extremely ſorry to hear of the quarrel. He knew the particulars of Sir Harry's addreſſes to Miſs Maitland, and he was informed that Clareden was not an accepted lover. He at once ſaw the ſtrong cauſe of the mutual enmity, and the difficulty of conciliating the parties. Sir Harry conſidered Clareden as a

man who intruded on his pretenſions, and who was likely to take the advantage of his breach with the fair miſtreſs to introduce himſelf with ſucceſs; he, as ſuch, looked upon him with the keen eyes of diſtruſt and jealouſy, and where theſe evils are, revenge is not far diſtant. The late inſult, therefore, rouled that paſſion which was before dormant, and he had no difficulty to make himſelf believe (what every man, who is going to fight endeavours to do) that he was the injured perſon. Clareden, on the other hand, ſaw in Sir Harry, not only a ſucceſsful rival, who had gained the affections of his miſtreſs, but one, who had baſely betrayed that affection, and inſulted her with diſhonourable offers. While Captain Clareden loved Miſs Maitland with all the ardour of the moſt enamoured adorer, his eſteem and reſpect were as pure as for a beloved ſiſter; he therefore viewed the conduct of Sir Harry in the moſt hateful light. Suſpicious alſo that the remains of her former attachment for ſo undeſerving an object was the cauſe of her late refuſal of himſelf, and that Sir Harry might ſtill, at ſome future period, ſucceed, he could not fail being alſo jealous. He thought, therefore, a quarrel with ſuch a man was no more than what common juſtice demanded, and that the protection of the innocent required it of him. The wiſh of Miſs Maitland (wich he believed the remains of her former love) had alone prevented his calling Sir Harry out the moment he heard the circumſtance; but chance had now befriended him, and Sir Harry had met him half way. That ſuch was their opinion of each other Smith plainly ſaw. The beginning of the following week was fixed upon for their meeting; each of the gentlemen ſettled their temporary affairs, and every preparation ſeemed to determine that one or the other muſt fall.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Too many gallant youths have bled,
Too much of Britiſh blood been ſhed,
By Briton's ſword and Honour's frantic laws.
Youths that might elſe have nobly dar'd,
More glorious wounds, and danger ſhar'd,
For Briton's juſt defence and virtue's injur'd cauſe.

ON the day appointed, Sir Harry Valence and Captain Clareden met; Smith & Lord Edward attended as ſeconds, with an eminent ſurgeon. The attempts of their mutual friends, at a reconciliation, had been ineffuctual, and a more melancholy group cannot poſſibly be conceived. When they came upon the ground, the gentleman of the faculty again took upon himſelf the office of mediator; but each, he found, conſidered himſelf as the injured perſon, and his enemy as the aggreſſor. The ground was at laſt meaſured, the piſtols were loaded, and it was agreed they ſhould both fire at the ſame time. Lord Edward, with a ſorrowful countenance, gave the piſtol to Clareden; and Smith not leſs affected, to Sir Harry. The ſurgeon was to give a ſignal for them to raiſe their piſtols, and to fire. As they ſtood thus oppoſed to one another, ſome thoughts of an hereafter, ſome unpleaſant twinges of conſcience, muſt naturally ſtrike to the moſt pure and undaunted heart. In the impetuous animation of a battle it is not always ſo. The noiſe and the confuſion, the glory, the hope, emulation, and example, will oftimes drown every ſymptom of fear; but cool and deliberate man-ſlaughter is far, very far different.

While the combatants thus ſtood oppoſed to each other, Smith, motioning to the ſurgeon to retire to a little diſtance, as a laſt attempt, thus ſpoke: Before you lift up your hands to do what can never be recalled, let me, once more, as a friend to both, attempt a reconciliation." "We have gone too far to draw back now," ſaid one of the gentlemen; and the other (both ſpeaking impatiently, and at the ſame time) "I cannot ſee the uſe of delaying." "Pardon me," continued our hero, "this is a duty I owe, not only to you, but to my friend Lord Edward, that reſpectable gentleman," pointing to the ſurgeon, "and to myſelf. I beg your attention for a few moments; I ſpeak not in the hated name of a *ſecond*, but in that of a mutual *friend*.—As far as the affair has yet proceeded, you cannot help, in ſome degree, reſpecting each other for cool determined courage, for fair, open, and honourable dealings. How unlike the deliberate dualiſt, with his hair trigger, ſtuddied attitude, and firſt fire! *You* muſt think of each other far better, and I hope, I believe, that this dreadful buſineſs may be concluded without the deſtruction of either of the principals, and the everlaſting regret of the ſurvivor and ourſelves. Every thing has already taken place between you, except the act of blood itſelf, that is incumbent on men of the niceſt honour; the act itſelf cannot increaſe the credit of either, and no one can doubt, for a moment, your mutual courage and determined will to reſent an inſult, as becomes the cuſtom of this country. You are not exhibiting yourſelves here to become the heroes of a newſpaper; and the converſation that is about to take place between us, is not intended to be pamphleted into the world. Your conduct out of this field ſhall be the only apology for your behaviour in it. Give me leave then to aſk you both a few queſtions, that at leaſt you may no longer have any unjuſt cauſe of ſuſpicion againſt each other, and promiſe to give me a direct anſwer.' To this the gentlemen could not refuſe their aſſent. 'Will *any* conceſſion and reparation,' ſaid Smith, addreſſing himſelf to each of them ſeparate, 'ſatisfy you, without the blood of your enemy?" They both ſtrongly replied in the affirmative. 'Sir Harry,' continued our hero, 'have you not made the moſt full apology, and every reparation in your power to Miſs Maitland for your former imprudent offers?' 'Indeed, Mr. Smith,' replied Sir Harry, 'I cannot anſwer that queſtion.'

'Sir Harry, you have both promiſed me; this is before friends.'

'Well, then, I have.'

Can, you, or do you, wiſh *to defend that former conduct?*' To what does your queſtion tend?' replied Sir Harry. 'Sir Harry,' ſaid Lord Edward, 'you have promiſed to anſwer; remember, you anſwer but to your own heart. Whatever is uttered here goes no further, without general conſent.' Sir Harry bowed. 'I neither can nor wiſh to defend my infamous offers to Miſs Maitland.' Then turning to Captain Clareden, Smith ſaid. 'Is there any thing more, as an apology, you could poſſibly have required of Sir Harry Valence, Captain Clareden?'

"Certainly not."

'Was you not ignorant before, that Sir Harry had made ſo full a reparation?'

'I was.'

'And if you had known his complete deteſtation of his own conduct before you met him at Oxford, would you have ſpoke ſo contemptuouſly of him.'

'No. I acted under a miſtake, which I freely own.'

'Give me leave to aſk you another queſtion, Captain Clareden—Has Miſs Maitland at all encouraged your addreſſes?'

'It is a ſtrange queſtion,' replied the other. 'Indeed you cannot refuſe to anſwer', ſaid Lord Edward. 'She has given me no hopes,' ſaid he. 'Sir Harry,' continued our hero, 'has not Miſs Maitland abſolutely refuſed the renewal of your acquaintance, even on the moſt honourable terms?' The Baronet replied, rather indignantly, 'Yes.' Then ſpeaking to Captain Clareden, our hero proceeded, 'Was not the inſult which was offered Miſs Maitland, the real cauſe that occaſioned you to ſeek this meeting?'

'It was.'

'Has not Sir Harry made ſufficient atonement?'

'He has.'

'And are you ſatisfied?'

'I am.'

'Sir Harry you have heard captain Clareden is ſatisfied—you have alſo heard his apology for the words that offended you, that it was through a miſtake—do you admit it?'

'Does captain Clareden allow and wiſh it to be an apology?' Captain Clareden anſwered, 'Yes he does.'

'Sir Harry, are you ſatisfied?'

'I am.' 'I truſt then,' continued our hero, there can be no neceſſity for your proceeding farther in this buſineſs. Does any cauſe of offence remain to you, ſir Harry?' He anſwered in the negative, and the ſame queſtion being put to captain Clareden, he returned the ſame anſwer, and inſtantly fired his piſtol in the air. Sir Harry followed his example; and thus by the ſteady perſeverance of our hero, was their inveterate hatred allayed, their contending paſſions abated, without the bloodſhed of either. The combatants had been addreſſed when they leaſt expected it, and could not help allowing the reaſonableneſs of Smith's arguments; but though their quarrel was at an end, they had no ſuch inclination for one another's company as to commence great friends all at once.—Jealouſy could not fail rankling in both their hearts, though no cauſe remained for contention. The gentlemen all ſhook hands and parted on the ground. Smith accompanied ſir Harry to town, and Lord Edward the Captain to Portſmouth, where his ſhip was.

[To be continued.] 2 Ly

The Falſe Friend.

The following romantic and melancholy affair, happened at a village in Virginia, a few years ago.

A YOUNG gentleman, the ſon of an attorney, had conceived a violent paſſion for the daughter of an eminent planter, at ſome diſtance from the place of his reſidence, and found means to make her acquainted with it. But on account of the diſparity of their circumſtances, he was refuſed. An accident, however, ſome time after brought them together at the houſe of a friend of the lady; when the gentleman ſo far prevailed as to be admitted on the terms of her lover; and they continued to ſee each other privately for ſeveral months. But at this time Mr.——being diſappointed in regard to fortune, it was judged proper for them to ſeparate till his affairs ſhould take a more favorable turn, when the match might be propoſed to the lady's friends with ſome proſpect of ſucceſs. Their *confidante* was ſtill their friend. They correſponded under the fictitious ſignatures of *Henry* and *Delia* to prevent detection; and their friend, whom agreeably to their romantic plan, they called *Juliana*, was their female Mercury. As Henry of courſe was frequently at Juliana's houſe, it was thought proper, the better to cover their deſign, that he ſhould paſs for that lady's lover; and this was univerſally believed to be the caſe. As Henry's circumſtances and expectations, though inferior to thoſe of his miſtreſs, were at leaſt equal to Juliana's, the latter conceived the perfidious deſign of making him her lover *in reality*. To effect this ſhe endeavoured, by indiſcreet inſinuations, to prejudice him againſt the object of his love; hinted the little likelihood there appeared of ſuch an union taking place, and how much happier marriages were likely to be where there was a greater parity of fortunes. Her endeavours however were fruiteſs. He ſaw through the artifice; and the diſcovery pained him the more, as he doubted not ſhe would uſe the ſame arts with his Delila, whom he could now neither caution againſt her, or even if he could, her confidence in her was ſo great, that ſhe would not believe it. With Delia therefore, ſhe was ſucceſsful. Inſtigated by revenge, by the falſeſt and baſeſt ſuggeſtions ſhe ſucceſsfully detached her from him, and it was not long after that ſhe gave her hand to one of Juliana's relations. The news reached the unhappy Henry.—Unable to bear the thought of her being poſſeſſed by another, in diſtraction and deſpair, he ſeized two loaded piſtols, and ruſhing to the houſe which contained the pair who that morning had been wedded, he drove the contents of one through his Delia's heart, and the other through his own. The perfidious Juliana, ſo far from being affected, ſeemed to triumph in their fate. The hapleſs lovers were univerſally pitied; but ſhe, tho' the law could not touch her, was held in execration, and in a ſhort time after removed to ſome diſtant place, where her crime was not known, to avoid the inſults which ſhe conſtantly and juſtly received.

A CHARADE.

A conſonant and a tripthong,
Compoſe a thing of fame,
That's oft the ladies ſeen among,
Ye belles then tell its name.

THE BARGAIN REFUSED.

To the Belles *of Baltimore.*

SOME four years ago, I made PHILLIS an offer,
(Provided my suit she would hear)
Of a *thousand* good *pounds* to put in her coffer,
Nor thought I the purchase too dear.

About two years after a message she sent me,
She was for that *thousand* my own:
But unless for an *hundred* she now wou'd content me,
I fairly reply'd—I'd have none.

In the space of a fortnight she told me her favour,
I shou'd for my *hundred* receive:
But I bow'd—and assur'd her with careless behaviour,
That *ten* was the most I con'd give.

T'other day the coy nymph for a *guinea* was willing,
Which I then thought a great deal too dear,
And told her, unless she'd comply for a *shilling*,
To seek for a chapman elsewhere.

This morning she came, and wou'd fain be kind *gratis*,
But she's now grown so fulsome a jade,
That I cry'd even nothing a far dearer rate is,
Than all the good offers—I made. *W. C.*

Miss in her Teens.

A NYMPH of *fifteen* that had often been chid,
By her sisters more grave, for the faults that she did;
For rumpling her manteau that late had been try'd,
For her bodice unlac'd, and her stockings unty'd.
By nature quite careless, and merry and wild,
Was resolv'd to be treated no more like a child,
Quoth the first, 'tis a shame to lie dreaming a bed,
With your heels kick'd aloft, and as high as your head;
To lie tumbling and tossing above, while the pot,
Is set on for tea, and the water half hot.
No prayers are repeated, nor chapter once read,
From twelve when you rise, till twelve when to bed.
With romping companions delighted to prance,
You mind neither needle, nor sermon nor dance.
At *Pam* or at cribbage, you trifle your hours,
Asleep till past ten, and at night at all-fours.
Pray *Bet*, let your age in your wisdom be seen,
For maids should begin to be grave at fifteen.'
With that she took fire, and ran up to her glass,
Admiring her shape and her air and her face;
Well pleased with her beauty, her stature and size,
So much like a woman's, her neck and her eyes,
And thinking herself, full as wise as the best,
Half pleased and half mad, thus her sisters address'd:
'Whate'er your pretence is, you envy your *Betty*,
For being so gay, and so young and so pretty;
Because I am fairer and younger than you,
Is the reason you call me so often Miss *Prue*.
My blooming bright charms do your beauties disgrace,
And your quarrel is not at my folly but face.
Must a body forever be jumbled up stairs,
And be scolded away to one's bobbins and pray'rs?
To read a good book, perhaps lose a good meal,
As if one was born to do nothing but kneel?
To hum o'er a chapter, be call'd from a dance,
And for piety's practice throw down a romance?
And then I'm call'd child, little *Betty* and Miss,
As if I had still my wax baby to kiss;
Tho' perhaps I may know, well as other folks can,
The cheeks of a doll from the lips of a man.
For according as nature has framed the skull,
Some are wise at *fifteen*, some at *fifty* are dull.
Then you Madam *Mary*, and you Mrs. *Kate*,
Pray spare your reproofs, for they now come too late.
To be grave as yourselves I shall never despair,
Having wisdom enough, and a little to spare.
With that they turn'd round, and strait shut the door,
Consulted their glass, and chid *Betty* no more.

A REBUS.

TAKE that city whose workmen once were confus'd,
The reason—because they their maker abus'd;
That nymph, who the fabulous authors do tell,
Old Pluto confin'd in the regions of hell—
A mourner in Judea, whose cries were in vain,
Who wept o'er her babes that a tyrant had slain;
A bird that's continually thirsting for prey,
And once, (bible says) fed a prophet each day;
A place afar off, where the huge vessel lies,
And from whence she returns with the richest supplies;
A bread which many years a nation gain'd,
By God's command, was from the heav'ns rain'd;
The heathen paradise—a happy place,
Then add a tyrant of the human race.

Join the initials in order, and you will disclose,
The name of a Fair that's possest
Of a beautiful figure—of cheeks like the rose,
Were she mine, I sure should be blest. H—

ON MRS. POOR.

THE nymph that with riches abounds,
The breast of each shepherd alarms;
The proverb says *ten thousand pounds*.
Is sure to have *ten thousand* charms!
When beauty or title e'en fails,
'Tis *gold* can a lover procure;
Yet strange! not a nymph that here dwells,
But wishes herself to be *Poor*.

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